

THE CITIZEN.

T. G. PASCO, Editor and Manager.

BEREA, KENTUCKY

Russia is planning to build a canal from the Baltic to the Black sea. The length of the canal as surveyed will be 994 miles, but only 125 miles of artificial excavation will be necessary.

Vast quantities of flowers are gathered for perfume purposes. It is estimated that each year 1,863 tons of orange flowers are used, besides 930 tons of roses, 150 tons each of violets and jasmine, 75 tons of tobacco, 30 tons of cassia and 15 tons of jonquils.

Fruit is now being shipped from New South Wales packed in bark of the tree, and the outer bark of the melaleuca leucadendron, which is shredded into a sort of coarse chaff. These barks seem to have some peculiar power of preserving oranges during carriage.

What is known to geographers as the Cordilleras de los Andes is the longest and the highest range of mountains in the world. It extends from Tierra del Fuego to the Isthmus of Panama, and although some of the peaks of the Himalayas are higher, they are not as numerous.

One of the most important epochs in the history of German jurisprudence began on the first day of January, 1900, when the new German law went into effect. Under the new system Germany has a uniform legal procedure applicable to the various states comprising the German empire.

One fourth of the world's output of coal is mined in the United States. Last year 4,000,000 tons were exported, and the trade is growing fast. If it comes to pass that the world will have to look to this country for coal and flour, the position of the nation will be all but impregnable from a commercial standpoint.

"Electricity as we know it" is just 100 years old. In 1790 the Italian scientist Volta gave definite form to the method of producing the current, and it is from his name that we have the term "voltmeter" to describe the instrument which measures the force of the current, and "volt" as the unit of that measurement.

A runaway horse in New York, with vehicle attached, was stopped by a wooden Indian, which, with uplifted arm holding a bunch of wooden cigars, was doing duty in front of a cigar store. The horse took to the sidewalk and the lines became entangled with the Indian's arm. The image being chained to the premises, the horse was brought to a sudden stop.

Among the practical suggestions made at the International Council of Women in London was that of Miss Alice Ayrton, who drew the attention of the sex of which she is a distinguished ornament to a new field of work, that of the manufacture of electrical instruments, the demand for them being very largely in excess of what manufacturers are able to supply.

The latest idea in the way of a portebonheur is to carry a tiny puss of vondrous goldsmith's work swinging as a pendant from the end of your longnette chain. The cat is made of black enamel upon metal. Its eyes have a metallic green gleam. Are they not tiny catsyes? The sapient puss wears a collar of brilliant reticel about her furry neck. This, it seems, is the very "latest."

A pair of elephant tusks, the largest on record, was found recently in the Kilimandjaro district in Africa and bought for an American museum for \$3,500. The larger tusk measures ten feet four inches along the outer curve and weighs 230 pounds; the other is a trifle shorter, and weighs ten pounds less. The record tusk before these was nine feet five inches long, and is now in England.

As a money making business Germany's colonial system is not a prodigious success. The total trade between Germany and her colonies in 1898 was \$3,591,500. The government subsidizes to assist the colonies and protectorates cost \$3,697,000, a loss of more than \$100,000, and these figures do not include the expenses at Samoa, nor \$300,000 paid to steamship companies, nor yet the expenses of distant naval stations, post routes and telegraph service.

Various fruits are colored on the surface or in their substance to suit the fancy of purchasers in France. For example, strawberries that are unripe are given a red color by means of a fuchsine preparation; ordinary oranges of poor quality are made to pass for blood oranges by injecting rocouine in to their pulp; and melons are rendered of a fine orange color by injecting a solution of tropoeoline, and at the same time aromatized with an artificial melon essence.

In the 55th congress Maine clearly enjoyed the distinction of having the strongest delegation in the house, but in this congress the Iowa delegation, by common consent, stands at the head. Six out of Iowa's 11 men bring fame to the state, for the remaining five are now in congress for their first term and so can not be considered. These six men are David B. Henderson, William P. Hepburn, J. F. Lacey, Jonathan P. Dolliver, John A. T. Hull and Robert G. Cousins. They are all lawyers and some of them bore arms during the civil war.

THE WRECK

Across the night a gray moon fell
Through bars of shifting cloud to see
Where iron reef and white wave met
Sullenly at the doors of hell.

It saw the great ship's dying throes,
As one with dim, drawn face, who sees
A dumb beast in its agonies,
And may not help, and cannot go.

And, peeping still from wind-wrought
caves,
It watched amid the swirl and strife
Unlovely atoms, each a life,
Tossed on the upsurge of the waves.

Sick to the heart with fear untold
Of that mad slaughter half described,
It crept behind a cloud, and died.
Then the black night was icy cold.

Last, out of chaos calmly bright,
Day dawned, and, with a greeting roar,
Triumphant ocean flung to shore
His broken playthings of the night.

—Sydney Bulletin.



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CHAPTER XXI.

THE RESCUE OF ANGIOLA.

The next day, as the big gun from the citadel boomed out the twelfth hour and all the bells of the town clanged forth the time, five horsemen rode through the gate of St. Angelo, whose doors were spread wide open. The single sentry on duty paced sleepily up and down; he was looking for his noontide siesta, and the guard of a half-score of Baglioni's lances lay with their armor off, basking in the mellow sun. A subaltern officer, who had evidently dined to some purpose, reclined on his back, half in, half out of the shade of a few olive trees that grew to the left of the gate, and the ruby on his cheeks showed up all the brighter against the green of the grass on which he was stretched. The soldier sentry on duty paced sleepily up and down; he was looking for his noontide siesta, and the guard of a half-score of Baglioni's lances lay with their armor off, basking in the mellow sun. A subaltern officer, who had evidently dined to some purpose, reclined on his back, half in, half out of the shade of a few olive trees that grew to the left of the gate, and the ruby on his cheeks showed up all the brighter against the green of the grass on which he was stretched. The soldier sentry on duty paced sleepily up and down; he was looking for his noontide siesta, and the guard of a half-score of Baglioni's lances lay with their armor off, basking in the mellow sun. A subaltern officer, who had evidently dined to some purpose, reclined on his back, half in, half out of the shade of a few olive trees that grew to the left of the gate, and the ruby on his cheeks showed up all the brighter against the green of the grass on which he was stretched.

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roar that echoed through the house a huge bear rose on his hind legs and struck out at my face with his claws.

"Diavolo! go back!" shouted the sentry to the brute, and I whipped out my sword; but the animal merely stood in the open doorway, making no further advance, his great jaws open and puffing like a blacksmith's bellows.

"Cospetto! excellency, call off the bear," shouted the sentry again; indeed he seemed positively to hate the animal, and from inside came a low, deep-toned but mocking laugh. "Come back, Pluto—down, you brute—down!" then there was a heavy "thud," the tinkling of shivered glass, and the bear, dropping on its fore feet, slumped back into the room. I was considerably startled and not a little angry, but, concealing these feelings, stepped boldly into the room, keeping my drawn sword still in my hand.

"The Cavaliere di Baglioni?" I inquired, "At the Cavaliere di Savelli's service," and a tall figure rose from a lounge chair and surveyed me. I confess that my heart began to beat a little fast when I saw the man against whom I was to pit myself. He was far above the middle height, and proportionately broad. His grizzled hair, parted in the middle, hung down straightly to his neck, and a thick gray beard and mustache hid his mouth and chin. A cruel hooked nose, almost Hebrew in shape, was set between a pair of small and piercing eyes. His complexion was deathly pale, and by the light which fell from the barred window I saw beneath the skin the little red lines of swollen veins which marked an intemperate life. At a small table beside the chair was a pack of cards and a glass half filled with red wine, the bottle from which the wine was taken was lying in fragments at the door, where it had fallen and broken to bits, after being flung at Pluto. The bear was now beside his master, facing me, his huge head held down and swaying from side to side. We remained for a minute staring at each other, and then Baglioni spoke again, with his deep, sneering accent: "Is it usual for the Cavaliere di Savelli to pay visits with a drawn sword in his hand?"

"It is usual," I replied, "for gentlemen to be received by having a savage beast set at them."

"Oh, Pluto!" and he touched the bear; "Pluto was not set at you, man—you would not be here if he was."

"Probably—if, however, you will call the beast to one side—I would like to discuss my business with you, cavaliere."

"Shut the door and sit down there," he replied, "Pluto will not disturb us—you can put back your sword. It would avail you little," he grinned.

It cost me an effort, but I did as I was bidden, and Baglioni sank back into his lounge, the bear still standing and keeping its fierce eyes on me. Its master, however, kept running his hand up and down its shaggy coat, whilst he asked, in his measured voice:

"Well, and to what do I owe the honor of this visit?"

"You would prefer no beating about the bush?"

"It is my way."

"Well, then, cavaliere, I have come from Rome with a special object, and that is to ask you to change sides and to use your influence with your cousin, Count Carlo, to do likewise."

The bear, which had stretched itself on the floor, rose with a grunt, but Baglioni pressed its head down, and it sank back and began to ham itself between its paws, like an enormous bee, or rather with the sound a thousand bees might make.

After a little delay there was a knock at the door, but apparently, as usual, the person outside, whoever he was, did not feel disposed to come in. My host rose in anger and stepped across the room, followed by his beast, the latter passing unpleasantly close to me.

There was an altercation at the door; my host went out with his pet, and for a minute or two I was left alone. I moved my seat nearer to the small table beside Baglioni's lounge, and, taking up the pack of cards, began to shuffle and cut them.

The cavaliere came back very soon, a flask in one hand and a glass in the other.

"Blood of St. John!" he exclaimed, as he set them down with a clink on the table, "those rascals—I will have their cars cut off—they fear this poor lamb," and he nodded the great bear, which rose on its hind feet and began muzzling its master.

"I am not surprised. Corpo di Bacco! The king again!" and I flung down the pack in apparent disgust.

"Down, Pluto!" and Baglioni turned to me: "The king again. What was that you said?"

"Cutting left hand against the right. I lost three times."

I lost ten thousand one night over cut-throat but help yourself," and he pushed the flask towards me, and then filled his own, which he drained at a gulp.

"Come, cavaliere—you are in no hurry—cut me through the pack."

"With pleasure, but my purse-bearer is downstairs—will you permit me to see him?"

"By all means—the heavier the purse the better for me."

"A favor—I cannot play with that beast near me—I could not send him away."

"Send him away—my familiar," he said, "with an awful smile. 'No, no, Di Savelli—he is my luck; but I shall keep him at a distance if you like.'"

I rose and went down to Jacopo, and found him and Bande Nere already on friendly terms with the guard. I took my purse from him and found time to whisper a warning to strike the moment he heard my whistle. When I came back I was relieved to find the bear fastened by a chain to a ring in the wall. The chain itself was weak and could have been snapped with ease, but the animal made no effort to strain at it, and lay down as contentedly as a dog. Baglioni had pulled a table into the center of the room and was seated at it, impatiently ruffling the cards.

"Back at last," he said, and his voice had lost its measured cadence; "heavens, I have not spread the cards for a whole year—what stakes?"

"Simply cutting the cards?"

"Yes. It is the quickest game I know."

"Say a crown each turn to begin with."

We cut through four times, and I paid over two crowns. Baglioni laughed as he put them on one side; "peddling stakes these, cavaliere—make them ten crowns a cut."

Ugo di Savelli, I should say, it is not so! May I ask your business? If it is any message from your master I need not hear it, and she turned away with a motion of supreme disdain, thinking no doubt that I was a follower of Count Carlo.

"Ho! ho!" laughed Baglioni at my look of discontent, "the future countess can speak her mind. I pity Carlo. You had best cut short your five minutes, cavaliere, and come back to the cards."

At this moment I heard the bear whining below, impatient for his master, and I knew his bonds were all too slender to hold him. There was nothing for it but to save Angiola in spite of herself. All this happened in a flash, and with my full strength I hit Baglioni below the left ear, just where the neck and head united. So sudden, so unexpected was the blow that the huge man rolled over like an ox, and a short scream broke from Angiola. My sword was out in a moment, and I stood over Baglioni.

A cry, a movement, and I kill you like a dog," I gasped out, my breath coming back, and fast, "throw the key to the lady—pick it up, girl—quick—now run to the door and stand there—I am here to save you." It was done at once, for Baglioni saw he must obey or die, and springing back I closed the door quickly and turned the key. Almost as I did so I heard footsteps hurrying below, and blew loudly on my whistle. The sound of the whistle was followed by an angry shouting that was drowned by a terrible roar, and I saw Pluto before me, rushing up the stairs, with the end of his broken chain still hanging to him. Baglioni was battering at the door behind me. He was safe enough, but my companion had dropped in a faint, and I wanted all my hands and all my nerve to meet the bear, who was now on the stairway, not ten feet away from me. Close to me was a heavy stool. I seized this and flung it at the animal with all my strength, and getting between his forefeet I caused him to stumble and slip back a half dozen steps, but with another roar Pluto gathered himself together and rushed up again, his jaws agape and white with foam. I gave him the point deep into his neck. It might have been a pin prick, and he bent the steel with his teeth. Rising to his feet he struck at me, tearing my short cloak off my shoulders, and then my sword was up to the hilt in his side and we grappled. My left cheek was once touched by his claws, and seemed to be hanging in ribbons, but although almost blinded with blood and choked by his fetid breath I held my head well down and drove my dagger again and again into the beast. Angiola had recovered from her faint, and above the grunting of the bear, the battering at the door and the clash of steel below I heard her laughing in shrill hysterics. My strength was failing. I was about to give up all for lost when there was a loud report, and with a howl the bear fell backwards. My hand somehow fastened itself to the hilt of my sword sticking in the animal's side, and the weight of him, as he fell back, and as I shook myself clear, freed the blade. I stood half dazed, watching the huge black body sliding limply down the stairs, until it lay in a shapeless heap on the landing. Jacopo's voice brought me to myself.

"For the love of God—quick, excellency—quick!"

God, I suppose, gives men strength sometimes for his own purposes. And so it must have been with me, for I picked my dear up in my arms and half giddy and staggering made my way to the entrance door. I need not say I had no time to look about me, but Jacopo helped me with my burden. Lifting her to the pommel of the saddle, I sprang up behind, and, drawing my dagger close to me, with a shout of triumph I set free my plunging horse and let him go with a loose rein.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Sterne's Destination.

Lawrence Sterne, the writer, was the victim of the intensest poverty. A little time before his death, being in a state of destitution, he went one evening to borrow five pounds from his friend Garriek. Upon arriving he heard music and knew that a party was going on. He heard the merry laughter, and gently replacing the uplifted knocker he traced his steps. We never feel our miseries so keenly as when contrasted with the joys of others, and it is only then that we realize Wordsworth's picture: "And homeless near a thousand houses I stood, and a thousand tables pined for food."

Another story of this writer does not evoke so much sympathy. It was known that Sterne used his wife very ill, and in talking with Garriek one day in fine sentimental style of conjugal love and fidelity said: "The husband who behaves unkindly to his wife deserves to have his house burn down over his head." "If you think so," said Garriek, quietly, "I hope yours is well insured."—Detroit Free Press.

A Novelist's Memory.

A characteristic of the late William Black was his ignorance of his own books, and it was very difficult to get him to talk about his novels. It seemed that as soon as the proof sheets were returned to the printers Mr. Black forgot all about his own creations. "In talking to my husband the other day," Mrs. Black once said to a visitor, "I suddenly remembered an anecdote in one of his novels which illustrated what I was saying. Mr. Black laughed heartily at the story and then turned eagerly to me: 'But where did you hear so good a story?' My husband wouldn't believe it was in one of his own books until I found it for him."—Detroit Free Press.

Getting an Opening.

A man had a story about a gun which he delivered himself of upon all occasions.

At a dinner party one evening he writhed in his chair for over an hour waiting for a chance to introduce his story, but no opportunity presented itself. Finally he slipped a coin into the hand of a waiter and whispered: "When you leave the room again slam the door." The waiter slammed the door as directed, and the man sprang to his feet with the exclamation: "What's that noise—a gun?" "Oh, no!" replied his host. "It was only the door." "Ah, I see! Well, speaking of guns reminds me of a little story," etc.—Liverpool Mercury.

Hubby Holds the Record.

Polite Shopman (showing goods)—Here is something I would like to call your attention to, madam. It is the very latest thing out.

Mrs. Rounder (absently)—If there's anything out later than my husband I'll take it, if only on a curiosity.—3-Bits

TWO MEAN TOWNS.

Stories Told by Traveling Men About a Couple of Decidedly Poor Places to Live In.

They were talking about bad towns. "The meanest place I ever was in," said the man who travels for a Chicago house, "is down in Massachusetts. Say, do you know what happened while I was stopping there once? A man had fallen through a hole in the sidewalk and sustained injuries that resulted in the loss of his right arm. He sued the city for damages, and the case was tried before a jury, which, the papers said, was composed of representative citizens. Well, what do you suppose they did to him? Brought in a verdict in favor of the city, holding that inasmuch as he was left-handed his injury didn't amount to anything."

"Yes," the cigar man said, "that's a pretty mean town, I admit, but I know of a worse one. This place is in Pennsylvania. An acquaintance of mine down there was injured some time ago in pretty much the same way the man you mentioned got hurt. He fell on a hard sidewalk and lost one of his legs. He sued the city, and didn't get anything. I never heard just why, but probably because the jurors didn't believe he needed more than one leg in his business, seeing that he was a barber and couldn't hone a razor or shave a man with his foot anyway. But wait, I haven't come to the point at which the real meanness developed. Being a poor man, he couldn't afford to buy a cork leg, so he had to get along with a wooden peg, and one day while he was crossing the principal street this peg in some way got wedged between a couple of paving stones right in the middle of the street car track. It took them nearly an hour to get him loose, and what do you suppose happened then? Blamed if they didn't go and fine him ten dollars and costs for obstructing traffic!"—Chicago Times-Herald.

PRONE TO EXAGGERATE.

This Tendency of Americans Affords Amusement to an English Writer.

Americans are not notable for their strict adherence to the truth, but their exaggerations are so manifest that they cannot be fairly accused of lying. William Archer, an English author, has recently written a book in which he gives some characteristic examples of this trait. He very properly classes it as "American humor."

"On board one of the Florida steamboats, which have to be built with exceedingly light draught to get over the frequent shallows of the rivers," he relates, "an Englishman accosted the captain with the remark: 'I understand, captain, that you think nothing of steaming across a meadow where there's been a heavy fall of dew.' 'Well, I don't know about that,' replied the captain, 'but it's true we sometimes have to send a man ahead with a watering pot.' Again, a southern colonel was conducted to the theater to see Salvini's 'Othello.' He witnessed the performance gravely, and remarked at the close: 'That was a mighty good show, and I don't see but the crowd did as well as any of 'em.' A third anecdote that charmed me was that of the man who, being invited to take a drink, replied: 'No, no, I solemnly promised my dear, dead mother never to touch a drop; besides, she says, it's too early in the morning; besides, I've just had one.'"—Chicago Chronicle.

England's Armored Trains.

The magnificent armored trains used by England in her war with the Boers will transport her troops, gear, and baggage, and her telegraphic communications in about the same way that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters drives dyspepsia from the human stomach and then ministers guard that it does not return. The Bitters has won in every case of indigestion, biliousness, liver and kidney troubles, or the past fifty years. It is invaluable at all times.

How Woman Was Made.

A small boy in the Mission Sunday school of Bishop Fallows' church proposed last Sunday, "Who made man?" asked the teacher, beginning, as in the good old days when orthodox used catechisms.

"God," was the prompt reply.

"And how did he make him?"

"Out of dust, ma'am; nothing but dust."

"And who made woman?"

"God made her, too, ma'am."

"How?"

The small boy hesitated, and then replied cheerfully: "He caused a deep sleep to fall upon man and then took out his backbone and made the woman."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, during which period he has been engaged in business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Walding, Kinnear & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A Tough Subject.

"Yes, the fire burned out the costly fixtures of the saloon. It must have been smoldering away for hours before it was discovered."

"On fire for hours, eh?"

"Yes."

"Wonder if it cooked the bar tender?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Approximated.

First Wife—Have you any idea what your husband's income is?

Second Wife—Oh, most anywhere between two and three o'clock in the morning.—Boston Courier.

The Best Prescription for Chills

and Fever is a bottle of GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. Its simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price, 50c.

The so-called modest violet commands a higher price, in proportion to its size, than any other flower at a greenhouse.—Athena Globe.

"An Empty Sack

Cannot Stand Upright."

Neither can poor, weak, thin blood nourish and sustain the physical system.

For strength of nerves and muscles there must be pure, rich, vigorous blood.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is established as the standard preparation for the blood by its many remarkable cures.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Never Disappoints

Dr. Bull's

Cures all Throat and Lung Affections.

COUGH SYRUP

Get the genuine. Refuse substitutes.

IS SURE

Dr. Bull's Pills cure Dyspepsia. Trial, 25c for 30.

Ralph Ringwood. True Story of a Kentucky Pioneer.

(Continued from last week.)

It militated somewhat against the self-independent course I had so proudly, or rather conceitedly, marked out for myself, but it would enable me to enter more advantageously upon my legal career. I talked over the matter with the lovely girl to whom I was engaged. She sided in opinion with my father, and talked so disinterestedly, yet tenderly, that if possible, I loved her more than ever. I reluctantly, therefore, agreed to go to college for a couple of years, though it must necessarily postpone our union. Scarcely had I formed this resolution, when her mother was taken ill, and died, leaving her without a protector. This again altered all my plans. I felt as if I could protect her. I gave up all idea of collegiate studies; pursued myself that by dint of industry and application I might overcome the deficiencies of education, and resolved to take out a license as soon as possible.

That very autumn I was admitted to the bar, and within a month afterward was married.

We had not been married many days when court was held at a county town, about twenty-five miles distant. It was necessary for me to go there, and put myself in the way of business; but how was I to go? I had expended all my means on our establishment; and then, it was hard parting with my wife so soon after marriage. However, go I must. Money must be made, or we should soon have the wolf at the door. I accordingly borrowed a horse, and borrowed a little cash, and rode from my door, leaving my wife standing at it, and waving her hand after me.

The next morning the court opened. I took my seat among the lawyers, but felt as a mere spectator, not having a suit in progress or prospect, nor having any idea where business was to come from. In the course of the morning, a man was put at the bar charged with passing counterfeit money, and asked if he was ready for trial. He answered in the negative. He had been confined in a place where there were no lawyers, and had not had the opportunity of consulting any. He was told to choose counsel from the lawyers present, and be ready for trial on the following day. He looked round the court, and selected me. I was thunderstruck. I could not tell why he should make such a choice. I, a heartless youngster, unpractised at the bar, perfectly unknown. I felt diffident yet delighted, and could have hugged the rascal.

Before leaving the court, he gave me one hundred dollars in a bag, as a retaining fee. I could scarcely believe my senses; it seemed like a dream. The heaviness of the fee spoke but lightly in favor of his innocence, but that was no affair of mine. I was to be advocate, not judge, nor jury. I followed him to jail, and learned from him all the particulars of his case; thence to the clerk's office, and took minutes of the indictment. I then examined the law on the subject, and prepared my brief in my room. All this occupied me until midnight, when I went to my bed and tried to sleep. It was all in vain.

Never in my life was I more wide awake. A host of thoughts and fancies kept rushing through my mind; the shower of gold that had so unexpectedly fallen into my lap; the idea of my poor little wife at home, that I was to assist with my good fortune! But then the awful responsibility I had undertaken!—to speak for the first time in a strange court; the expectations the culprit had evidently formed of my talents; all these, and a crowd of similar notions, kept whirling through my mind. I tossed about all night, fearing the morning would find me exhausted and incompetent; in a word, the day dawned on me, a miserable fellow!

I got up feverish and nervous. I walked out before breakfast, striving to collect my thoughts, and tranquilize my feelings. It was a bright morning; the air was pure and frosty. I bathed my forehead and my hands in a beautiful running stream; but I could not allay the fever heat that raged within. I returned to breakfast, but could not eat. A single cup of coffee formed my repast. It was time to go to court, and I went there with a throbbing heart. I believe if it had not been for the thoughts of my little wife, in her lonely log-house, I should have given back to the man his hundred dollars, and relinquished the cause. I took my seat, looking, I am convinced, more like a culprit than the rogue I was to defend.

When the time came for me to speak my heart died within me. I rose embarrassed and dismayed, and stammered in opening my cause. I went on from bad to worse, and felt as if I was going down hill. Just then the public prosecutor, a man of talents, made a sarcastic remark on something I had said. In an instant my diffidence was gone. I answered with promptness and bitterness, for I felt the cruelty of such an attack upon a novice in my situation. I carried the case through triumphantly, and the man was acquitted.

This was the making of me. From that time forward I never lacked for a case, and was able to keep my family in good circumstances.

(The end.)

The Counties.

Estill County.

Locust Branch.

A fine girl was born recently to Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Skinner.

John H. Bicknell has moved a new saw-mill to his farm and expects to do great business in logs and lumber.

Christmas was so quiet here that it passed almost unnoticed.

R. L. Richardson was a guest of Elby Bicknell recently.

John Gentry was the guest of Eliza Bicknell last week.

Miss Lucy Bicknell visited Miss Nannie Bicknell last week.

During the past week a good many people on Red Lick creek have been busy moving.

Mrs. Cynthia Bicknell received a handsome rocking-chair for taking the most eggs to C. C. Chadwell. She took 505 dozen in a year.

D. F. Click visited your correspondent recently.

Clay County.

Grace.

Mr. Rice, of Bunkham, was here recently.

W. M. Murray is very busy now in his store business.

Isaac Stapleton and wife have been reunited after a week's separation.

John A. Murray has been very sick but the doctor says he is now better.

Mrs. Eliza Riggs fell and broke two ribs during the recent cold time.

W. T. Brigmon and family returned home Saturday after a visit with relatives.

Rev. Perry Smith, of Livingston, passed through here last week on his way to Brigham's Chapel.

Helen Brigmon returned home from Burning Springs on a visit. She expects to go back soon.

T. J. Johnson was here Wednesday, trying to get up a school for his daughter, Miss Bessie Johnson.

R. B. House's school closed here lately. He has conducted a good school and we hope to have others like it.

The three Murray boys, Ed, Bob, and John were taken up recently on a charge of conspiracy, but were acquitted when they came to trial.

Ogle.

Wash Davidson visited Miss Maria Swafford last Sunday week.

T. F. Clark visited friends here Saturday and Sunday of last week.

Thomas May was cut in the arm at Manchester last Sunday week.

Ed Frederick visited friends on Martin's Creek Thursday and Friday of last week.

Maria and Ellen Swafford have moved into the house with their brother Daniel.

Joseph Lewis shot and killed Finley Freyman last week Tuesday. It was said to be accidental.

At the recent trial of the Mays and Lewises General May was shot in the back and Elijah Lewis in the arm. Recovery is doubtful.

Bright Shade.

Silas Wagers, of Manchester, visited his home near here Thursday and Friday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Grear spent a few days here recently.

Silas Wagers lost a cow last week. Elhano Smith is slowly improving, after severe sickness.

Onedia.

John Campbell has moved his family to Onedia.

Reuters near this place are busy preparing for their crops.

The Mamre Baptist school is progressing nicely, with about seventy-five students.

Mrs. Sam Burns, Mrs. A. H. Burns, Alex Burns' child, and John Davidson's child are sick at present.

Robert Hacker says he will finish his logging job soon.

Burns and Peters have bought the stock of goods formerly owned by Robert Carnahan on Bullskin.

Owsley County.

Sturgeon.

John Russell and his brother, of Wolf, are in Owsley spending a few days.

Robert Evans is very sick at this writing. The doctor says it is due to cold.

Mr. Garrett's school at Royal Oak is doing well. Garrett is a wide-awake, up-to-date, energetic, teacher and knows his work and how to do the same.

Mr. Gillis Crank's son Henry accidentally shot himself last Monday, by having a revolver in his pocket while chopping wood, his axe handle striking the pistol and it fired in his pocket the shot passing into his thigh. The wound is thought not fatal.

Robert Brandenburg, who accidentally shot himself some time ago, is thought will not recover.

Mr. Henry Isaacs has a full school at Elk-Lick school house number 13. He is a teacher of long and varied experience and knows how to break wild colts and make good citizens of them. He is so kind and gentle and patient with the little folks and never fails to win their confidence, love, and never fails to succeed as a teacher in the common schools.

Sturgeon.

Jeff Conrad's wife is very sick and has been so for several days.

Jas. G. Wilson, Jr. will soon commence moving to his farm in Jackson that he has recently bought.

The people of this section are commencing farm work for the next crop by repairing fences.

Brother Jas. Creech preaches at Traveler's Rest every Thursday night. He is young in the work but we hope he will do well.

G. W. Garrett, another good teacher, has taken up school at Regal Oak District District number 17. We hope he will be successful in his work.

Rev. C. W. Hamilton, of Island Creek, who has been blind for many years is very low of pneumonia fever and the doctor thinks there is very little hope of his recovery.

Henry Isaac, of Buck Creek, is teaching school this winter at Elk Lick school house District number 13 and has 41 pupils. Henry Isaacs, always a good school and is a successful teacher. His heart is in the work.

Gabbard.

One of Edward Gabbard's little boys has the fever. Edward has had the fever, but is now on the mend.

Several of the boys and girls of this County are attending school at Berea College this winter. Your correspondent wishes them all success.

Joseph and Willie Herndon, of Booneville, passed through here Thursday on their way home from Buffalo where they had been on business.

Jacob Gabbard, Sr., is the oldest citizen of this place, being now 87 years of age. Mr. Gabbard, is very strong to be as old as he is, but is failing in eyesight. He was born in Washington Co. Va., in 1813, came here in early youth and has lived here ever since. Mr. Gabbard has five children, three sons and two daughters.

Jackson County.

Collingsworth.

A. P. Gabbard is building a steam mill.

J. C. Powell sold Marion Coyle some hogs at 3½ cents.

Hon. W. H. Culton, of Frankfort, is here on a business trip.

James Gabbard has been appointed Deputy Sheriff under G. A. Jones.

Henry Bishop and three ladies from Indiana, passed through here en route to Clay on a visit.

Rufus Callohan and Miss Abbie McCollum, of McKee, were married last Thursday.

Several of our citizens were summoned to Frankfort Monday to testify in contests there.

Samuel Standifer, of Perry county, has purchased J. C. Powell's Clover Bottom farm for \$800 cash.

Circuit court is just over at McKee. Three men received penitentiary sentences for horse stealing.

A. S. McGuire and son, of Lincoln county, passed through here going to the mountains to buy cattle and mules.

Carter Moore, of Welchburg, and Miss Fannie Jones, of Tyner, were married last Thursday at the residence of the bride's father.

Clover Bottom.

Sheridan Ballard is building a new dwelling.

Several of our young folks have the whooping-cough.

Major Cruise says he is going to Illinois next March.

Viola Click went to Berea last week to attend school.

John Dean and Frank Abney have gone to Annville to school.

Miss Nannie Hatfield will go to Berea soon to attend school.

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Baker died last week.

Peter Bartlett, of Richmond, passed through here enroute for McKee.

Rev. Parsons preached at Kirby Knob last Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. Crawford, of Illinois, visited relatives here during Christmas, returning home last week.

SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS.

THE HOME.

Edited by Mrs. KATE E. PUTNAM, teacher in Berea College.

Receipts for Long Living.

Fix deeply in mind the grand truth that life-power rules the body, and that it alone can cure disease.

Life-power lives upon air, water, and food only; all else is hurtful.

Make cleanliness your motto, and watch against filth in both house and grounds.

Few starve for food, but many for air. Breathe deeply a hundred times daily. Wear no tight clothes. Above all, ventilate your sleeping room.

Beware of gluttony. If the appetite is dull eat fruit only or eat nothing. Use no fiery condiments, but live chiefly on natural grains, vegetables and fruits. Never ask your stomach to chew your food—employ your teeth. Adorn your table not only with viands, but with flowers and smiles and with kindly words.

Deformity is not awkwardness only, but danger. A high chest will give freedom to breathing, and digestion helps to cure many diseases.

Shun stimulants and drugs as you do pestilence. For tea and coffee drink hot water, and in illness let the same magic fluid be your physic.

Thick blood causes colds and countless other diseases. Keep the lungs active by deep breathing, the skin by baths and friction, the kidney by free drafts of warm water, the bowels by correct eating, and the blood will be pure.

Spend part of each day in muscular work, part in study, and part in good deeds to men and in the worship of God.—Pennsylvania School Journal.

Thoughts for the Quiet Hour.

He whose yesterday is full of industry, ambition, full of books and conversation and culture, will find his to-morrow full of worth, happiness and friendship.—Newell D. Hillis.

The cross of Christ is the heart of the divine system, and all who by preaching are hiding the meaning of this emblem are concealing the meaning of the gospel itself.—Manna.

Yesterday is yours no longer; to-morrow may never be yours, but today is yours, the living present is yours; and in the living present you may stretch forward to the things that are before.—F. W. Farrar.

'Tis an absolute and, as it were, a divine perfection for a man to know how loyally to enjoy his being. We seek other conditions, by reason we do not understand the use of our own; and go out of ourselves, because we know not how there to reside.—Montaigne.

No man ever yet asked to be, as the days pass by, more noble and sweet and pure and heavenly minded—no man has yet prayed that the evil spir-its of hatred and pride and passion and wordliness might be cast out of his soul—without his petition being granted, and granted to the letter. And with all other gifts God then gives us his own self besides. He makes us know him and love him and live in him.—F. W. Farrar.

THE SCHOOL.

Edited by Mrs. ELIZA H. YOCUM, Dean of the Normal Department, Berea College.

In the Cupboard.

What an interesting time we should have, if some day, the things in the pantry or the corner cupboard should be found talking, each in the language of its country. Salt being so common,—one of our daily companions indeed—should be heard first. What a story it could tell of the underground world whence it came, of the great mine whence it is taken out in great masses, and is clean and is white, though found underground. Perhaps it would tell the story of the great salt mill that is said to be somewhere in the bottom of the ocean where it grinds away day and night, keeping all the sea a brine!

The pepper box stands near the salt-shaker and they are warm friends—at least the salt always speaks so of pepper. They are in no way related, though, and pepper tells of the sunny isles where grew the trees that love him.

Then cloves come from the same place and has an interesting story to tell of the real difference between itself and pepper. The latter is the seed of a tree, while the former is the improved flower-bud of the clove tree.

And here is some cinnamon. It is the inner bark of a tree found in Ceylon and other tropical countries and tells of peoples and rights that would be very queer to us.

Then the coffee, I think that most of it is speaking Mexican-Spanish, much of it is grown and picked by Mexicans in our neighbor country.

The tea would be speaking Chinese so rapidly that we shouldn't be able to tell where one word ended and another started.

Rice is a neighbor of ours and speaks the language of our own sunny South-land. Its tones remind us of the note of the Bob-o-link and we see the low lands of Florida covered with growing rice to which these birds are helping themselves as the robins do to cherries in the North.

The sugar, too, tells a story familiar to most of us, but one worth reading up to see if we really know the various stages through which cane juice must pass (or perhaps it is beet juice) before we can have white sugar on our tables.

And here is honey, which seems one of the most wonderful things that ever comes to our tables. Just think of the work, the daily toil, of thousands of little bees before we can have their store, so wonderfully canned, so economically packed, so perfectly compounded; so sweet that the word is a synonym for much that we are else at a loss to express. What would "Mamma" do without the word "Honey"? "Sugar" is not half so expressive and "Lasses" does very well for the wee girlie in the story but wouldn't have the wearing qualities of "Honey."

The corner cupboard has more things in it than this and next time I think that we must let one talk while the rest listen,—sort of a "Tuesday Lecture" plan.

Chocolate hasn't had a chance to speak at all, and wants to make a speech about himself.

Did you ever notice that almost anybody becomes eloquent on the subject—self?

But it is "Study Hours" now out of the cupboard, and learn some lessons, quite as interesting as the stories that we might hear were we to stay, but we shall come back after study hours for some crackers and jam.

THE FARM.

Edited by S. C. MASON, Professor of Horticulture, Berea College.

Cowpeas for Swine and Cattle.

When cowpeas are for green manure, it is an excellent practice to turn hogs into the fields about the time the first peas are ripening. Young pigs thrive amazingly on the succulent foliage and well-filled pods, and the quality of the pork raised on such a healthful and nutritious diet is very fine. This is a very profitable method of fattening hogs or of preparing them for topping off with corn or sorghum for market. An acre of ripening cowpeas will pasture from fifteen to twenty hogs for several weeks, and the gain in fertility from the droppings of the animals during that period will more than counter-balance the fertilizing value of the forage eaten. The rapid increase in weight will thus represent so much clear profit, and the farmer is richer by half a ton or more of prime pork for every acre planted. Chickens and turkeys also eat the ripe peas and do well upon them. Cattle and horses are sometimes pastured on them, but the safer and more economical way of feeding cowpea vines to such stock is to cut or pull and feed partly wilted. There will be less waste and destruction from trampling, and if each animal is given only so much as it can eat clean, the greatest economy as well as the greatest profits will result. Furthermore, cattle and sheep are liable to bloat if allowed to eat too ravishly of cowpea vines or any other rich succulent forage, and by using it as a soiling crop the danger may be more readily controlled and loss prevented. The report has been sent out from some of the Northern experiment stations, where this forage plant is not ordinarily cultivated, that cattle will not eat the green vines except after having been starved to it, and then only sparingly. We have seen Western horses and ponies that would not touch red clover or a grain ration of oats, and have heard of Eastern stock that would not eat alfalfa hay. But these few adverse cases do not prove that red clover, alfalfa, and oats are not good forage. With the cowpea the case is similar. It is very rarely that any Southern planter reports that this forage is refused by any kind of stock.

In the Gulf States cowpeas will probably give an average yield of 2 to 3 tons per acre, while 4 to 6 tons are not uncommon. Farther North the average yield will range from 1½ tons in Ohio to 2½ tons in Arkansas, Missouri, and Tennessee. Along the Gulf it is one of the best hay crops. North of the latitude of the Ohio River it is chiefly valuable as an addition to the list of drouth-restraint, summer-soiling crops and as a crop that will yield a considerable amount of forage on soil too sterile to grow red clover. The commercial value runs from \$6 to \$20 per ton, being governed by the relative abundance of other grades of hay and fodder. Its feeding value is equal to that of the best red clover, and the hay ranks high in palatability and digestibility.



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